

NO BOOM TARARUM FOR ROOSEVELT.

The Assistant Secretary Arrived at the Navy Yard Ahead of Time.

THE BAND DID NOT PLAY ON

Unheralded and Uncannonaded, "Teddy" Walked in and Surprised Officials.

BIG DEMONSTRATION PLANNED.

But the Guns Boomed Later On and Mr. Roosevelt Enjoyed Inspecting Uncle Sam's Great War Ships.

Oh, the navy's understudy shouldn't be so alert when blushing Phœbus gilds the sky. If he'd make the Yank the monarch of the sea.

And his heuener proud in triumph ever fly, He should rise not with the pancake and the lark. When the dewy crimson rose is sepyr-fanned.

He should close his eagle eye, And not up away and fly To the Brooklyn Navy Yard and beat the band.

He should never reach the navy yard ahead Of the time set for the fifteen-gun salute; He should stay a little longer in his bed, That each officer may polish up his suit. He should never from the trolley ship and run.

And surprise the sgt, as tattooed as he's tanned, When he's standing at the gate, With a morning smile elate.

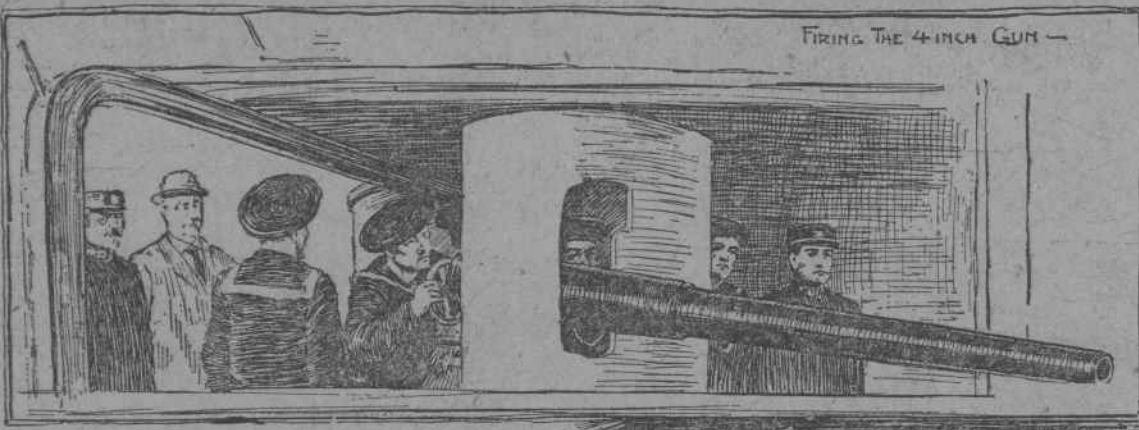
It's the early bird that always beats the band. When on deck he's in the navy yard serene To investigate the fighters of the sea, He should look not on the Oolong when it's green.

And the bloom is on his spirit, fancy free. Oh, he shouldn't climb the ladder on the fly, And he shouldn't dance a hornpipe blithe and bland.

Just to show the sailor who Would perform the tralaloo In a jiffy now to up, and beat the band.

If he'd be a light upon the rolling blue, He should never take to rising with the lark. He should live in bed and ne'er be able to Differentiate the catboat and the bark.

All the marvels and the graces of a ship He should never, never, never understand, Then 'twere safe to bet a hat



As the ocean's autocrat, That to thunder he will beat the blooming band.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is fond of flags, fireworks and fight. He might have heard a band play "Hall of the Chief" in his honor, yesterday morning; he might have been saluted and escorted through Brooklyn Navy Yard by one hundred and fifty marines, gayly uniformed, and welcomed at the executive offices of the yard by all the heads of departments in full war paint. A programme of parade, salute according to the manual of arms and the booming of cannon had been arranged for his reception.

He had said he would arrive at 10 a. m. In the navy as in the United States Supreme Court, when Justice Samuel Miller presided, "10 o'clock means 10 o'clock." Mr. Roosevelt arrived twenty minutes before the appointed time, and the function that might have been impressive was farcical.

As Mr. Roosevelt passed through the gate he encountered Keeper Fowler, who is the most diplomatic warder of portals in Greater New York. Fowler saw a stocky-built man, who wore a last Summer's suit of gray clothes, a brown soft hat, and whose spectacles gleamed very large and round.

And Roosevelt Smiled.

Fowler prepared to write a pass for the stranger, and holding his pencil raised said pleasantly: "Where do you wish to go?"

The visitor's lips parted in a quick smile. The dazzling display was enough. It was not needed that Mr. Roosevelt should say: "I am the Assistant Secretary of the Navy," but he did, and passed on along Main street toward the Lyceum, as the building is called in which the executive offices are.

At that moment the fore-handed captain of marines was marching his hundred and fifty along Third street, three blocks from the entrance and the members of the band were straggling from their quarters outside the yard toward the rendezvous agreed upon.

Mr. Roosevelt walked along Main street unattended, unannounced. He was as unknown in the yard as he had been in the Bowers in the early days of his career as police commissioner. But news of his coming fled before him and officers crowded into their



Naval Courtesies to the New Assistant Secretary, Theodore Roosevelt.

He paid his first official visit to the Brooklyn Navy Yard yesterday, and spent a pleasant afternoon on the ships, after having lost, by early arrival, some parade and salutation arranged for him. He lunched on the monitor Puritan as the guest of the officers, and played with the guns after a stay of two hours at table. He worked the guns in the big turrets, and practised with the rapid fire guns until he was tired. Then the crew was piped to quarters, side-boys lined the gang-plank, and he went away to the other war boats to make the acquaintance of all the officers.

conts, hurried, buckling belts and drawing on gloves to the greeting.

The Commodore at the yard is Francis Bunce. He had been at his desk an hour when the Assistant Secretary arrived. Captain Francis Higginson, captain of the yard, was also in harness, and others arrived suddenly, so that when Mr. Roosevelt smiled again in the portico of the Lyceum a bunch of gold faced gentlemen smiled back.

Welcomed by Officers.

There were all the commanders of the ships lying in the Navy Yard docks. Captain Frederick Rogers, of the Massachusetts; Captain John R. Bartlett, of the Puritan; Captain Sigbee, of the Maine; Lieutenant Commander Cowles, of the Fern, and Captain Merrill Miller, of the Vermont.

Then there were these heads of departments: Naval Constructor Francis Bowles—Francis is a favored name in the Navy Yard; Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Gable, commander of the Marine Corps; Commander J. J. Hunker, of the Ordnance Bureau; Commander C. A. Sperry, of the Equipment Bureau; Civil Engineer Menocci, of the Bureau of Yards and Docks; General Store Keeper Kenny; Chief Engineer Edward Farmer, Lieutenant-Commander Biggs, of the Labor Bureau, and others; all gloriolns to look upon, all red-faced, yet cordial as etiquette in the navy permits.

And while Mr. Roosevelt touched his hat and shook the hands of officers the marines had marched to the gate and waited for orders. They had been sent as an escort to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The band gathered there to march before them.

The musicians huddled at the gate, discussing the great trouble that had come into their lives. Then, with the marines who had marched up from the barracks, they marched back again.

By this time the news of Mr. Roosevelt's arrival had travelled around to the Cob Dock, where a salute of fifteen guns was fired, as per regulations. Afterward Mr. Roosevelt retired to Commodore Bunce's office and sifted a mass of papers, in preparation for an investigation of complaints.

Work for Roosevelt.

For months Brooklyn's representatives in Congress have been receiving complaints of civilian mechanics employed in the yard that they have been discharged without cause, and alleging that their removal was due to political reasons. Congressmen Israel Fisher and J. R. Howe called yesterday and were assured that every fact alleged would be rigidly inquired into.

William Berri and ex-Mayor of Brooklyn Charles Schleren called to ask that the cruiser Brooklyn be ordered to the Navy Yard, so that the silver service which citizens have provided might be presented within the limits of that borough. Mr. Roosevelt told them he would submit their request to the Secretary of the Navy, who alone can do what they wish.

Then at 12 o'clock Mr. Roosevelt went to lunch with the officers of the monitor Puritan, which is lying at the foot of Main street. Executive Officer J. Russell Seafraed escorted him and the whole ship's company welcomed him.

No boy was ever happier than Mr. Roosevelt when he was shown the great guns in the after turret and how they are raised, lowered and fired. He clambered on top the turret and was swung around with it, and then he went on the deck where the small-bore rapid-fire guns are. He aimed these at the cannon trophies from rebel ships which dot the lawn and even climbed a mast to a fighting top. Afterward he went to the other ships.

To-day the Assistant Secretary will sit in the board room in building No. 7 to hear the aggrieved workmen in secret.

SETTER HATCHED EGGS.

Yard W. Breese's Dog Proud of Her Brood of Six Plymouth Rock Chickens.

Trenton, N. J., May 13.—An Irish setter dog belonging to Yard W. Breese, of No. 247 West State street, this city, to-day hatched out a brood of six Plymouth Rock chickens and appears to be proud of it.

Mr. Breese is a member of Trenton's Four Hundred. One of his hobbies is the raising of fine chickens. In the western part of the city he has a chicken ranch.

and while he was visiting it about three weeks ago, accompanied by his Irish setter dog Tess, a heavy plank fell on the animal, breaking two of its legs.

Mr. Breese had the injured limbs placed in splints and the dog was laid in a box of straw to recover. A few days after the accident happened Breese conceived the idea of placing hen's eggs under the dog just to see if they would hatch. He selected six Plymouth Rock eggs and stowed them away among the straw, where they were kept warm by the invalid dog. Results were impatiently watched for, and this morning they came in the shape of six healthy, chirping chickens. The dog shows the greatest affection for the chickens and guards them as jealously as she would watch her puppies.

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March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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